THEIR GAME OF HEARTS

By Elsle Carmichael

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"I am awfully sorry," he said meekly, but his eyes belied his words. "I really wouldn't have come if I had known I had to indict myself on you in this way." He offered his arm, looking at her downcast, piquant little face with a world of pity in his eyes. "Don't take it so hard, dear," he whis-

She raised her head and flashed him a defiant look. "You forget," she said icily. "Don't take advantage of our having to sit next one another through a long dinner to treat me so. I don't see what Mrs. Clarke was thinking of."

Don's eyes twinkled. "Well, really," he said, "I don't see that Mrs. Clarke can be blamed. How could she knew that you had refused the mist evening? If you don't want to talk to me you can talk to your other neigh-

Nan looked at the fat, stupid oid act tleman on her other side and made a little moue. "He is certainly the lesser of two evils," she said and tached ber round white shoulder to Don.

The latter, with seeming eagerness. talked to a gay young widow on his other side, and Nan listened with wandering attention to the discrete on of the elderly gormand on the delighte of

pate de foie gras. The conversation between the widow and Don waxed most frivolous. Nonfelt the angry tours con his to ber eyes. It was not fair to treat her so. Never since she had known him had he deliberately turned his back on her. Every one would notice it. She hated that widow.

"Ah, that will be glorious," cried the and may I really drive those grays of yours all the way out to the club? I long to feel the reins in my hands again. I haven't driven good horses for so long. Most people are afraid to let me try, but you know I can drive. don't you, Don? Do you remember long ago, in those good old days, how used to go spinning out to the Country club and"- Then her voice dropped, and Nan heard no more.

Oh, if only Archie or Dick or Malcalm were next her, wouldn't she show Don how little she cared? But this stupid old Mr. Jones could hardly be induced to take his attention from his plate for a moment. She talked excitedly, the color mounted into her cheeks. and Don, who watched her surreptitiously, thought be had never seen her so charming. It was a bittersweet thing just to sit next her this way, even if she would not speak to him.

He listened only half mechanically to what Mrs. Wright was saying. His mind would wander back to that last evening when he had finished that delicious waltz with ber and they had strolled into the conservatory. He could still hear the last strains of the music die away, sobbingly sweet. She was radiant in her filmy rose colored gown that he told her looked like a bit of sunset cloud. She had seemed happy and content until he had made the mistake of telling her he loved her, and then the whole radiant world was suddenly turned to cold gray tones, as when the evening colors in the sky fade into the twilight.

The hostess rose, and he stood back to let Nan pass. She had never a look for him, but chatted gayly with Madge Trelawney as they left the room. Then be threw himself back in his chair and smoked in silence, not listening to the talk about him.

When he strolled into the drawing room half an hour later Mrs. Clarke. who was near the door, beld out a detaining hand. "I want you to take Nan into the library to play pingpong." she

"But perhaps she won't want to," objected Don. Mrs. Clarke looked at him shrewdly. "Don't you think I know that you

and Nan have quarreled?" she asked. "Am I blind? Be a good boy and make it up."

"I am willing enough to, Mrs. Clarke," he said so earnestly that his hostess felt as though he had taken her into his confidence and led him up to the low couch near the fire, where Nan was still talking to Madge Trelawney. The color had gone from her face now, and she looked tired and listless,

"Take Mr. Prentice into the Mbrary and make him play pingpong. Nan. begged Mrs. Clarke "Things are going very dully tonight, and I want some one to start them up a bit."

Nan was surprised to find herself a moment later alone in the dimly lit library with Prentice. She had not intended to come. Now that she was there, however, she longed to sit down on the low seat before the flickering fire and have him tell her again how he loved her. If she could hear those words now she thought her answer would be different. He had taken her by surprise last night. He had taken her love too much for granted and hurt her pride. But all that was over. She dared not yield to the spell of the fire light. She picked up a racket and tried the delicate little celluloid ball on the table.

"Come on," she said. "We might a well play a set to please Mrs. Clarke." They played a game absent mindedly. "Love one," he said when they had finished.

"But it lsn't," pouted Nan. "It's no fun to play with you. You never keep score right. You won that game,"

"Oh, did I?" he inquired. "I am surprised. You always win."

"What?" asked Nan scornfully. "What game do I ever win, Don? I

am stapid at most games, and you know it."

"Oh, hearts," he said. "But this isn't hearts!" she cried, willfully misunderstanding him. "It's pingpong, and it isn't love one."

"But it always is for me," he said. She went on playing and ignored the subject.

"I think this will probably be the last game we will have together for a long time," he said mournfully after they had played in silence for a few

Nan missed the ball. "Why?" she asked. The color left her face and then surged back again.

"I am going to start for South Africa next week," he said. "Some business Interests call me there, and if all goes well I may decide to stay-forever." Nan picked up the ball. "Oh!" she

said after a moment. "South Africa must be a er-very interesting place, but rather er hot, is it not?" "Yes, ' he said pensively. "It's a very

unbealthy clining where I am going. Marsh fever, cholera-all those things kill people off rather fast." He sent the bell back so wildly that

It handed on teg of the bookense. "The game is mine," he said, throwing down his racket.

"But it isn't." she said. "I won it fairly and squarely."

Her lips were trembling and there were bright tears in her eyes as she went ever to the fireplace and looked down into the leaping flames. There was something so pathetic and lonely about the little figure in the fire light that he went to her quickly.

"Please say the game is mine," he begged and held out his hands She swayed for a moment as though

she would fall and then turned and put both her little hands in his. "Well, ges," the said, smiling through her tears. "You have won. Don. Only

Modern Antiquities.

please don't go to South Africa."

The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on latter. "Will you come for me at 3- the part of dealers. Paris is the great center of this deceitful industry, says the Nation. There has been discovered in the suburbs a thriving factory for the fabrication of Egyptian mummies, cases and all. These are shipped to Egypt and in due time return as properly antiquated discoveries.

> A funny story is now current about a collector of mediaval things. A certain clever workman in stone made to the order of a dealer in mediæval antiquities a Venetian chimneypiece of the fifteenth century and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimneypiece to Italy and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the palace and of the chimneypiece in situ. By means of these photographs he aroused the interest of a rich collector, who sent his secretary to Venice to make sure that the photographs did not lie, and on his favorable report bought the thing for 50,000 francs. On the arrival of the article at his house in Paris he sent for some workmen to open the cases. One of them appeared to him to go about the work rather carelessly, and he remonstrated with the man, who answered: "Have no fear, sir. I know just how it needs to be opened, for I packed it when it left Paris."

Quick Lunch.

He was obviously tired, preoccupied and in a hurry. He lifted himself to one of the stools at the quick lunch counter and in answer to a query said: "Bring me some plain beans, a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk." In a little while the waitress reap-

"Pork and," she remarked impersonally, sliding the dishes before him. "I asked for plain beans. I can't eat pork," he remonstrated.

The dish was removed, and after stopping to chat a few minutes with a young man with a scarlet tie she returned. "Here's your beans," she remarked, and after a thoughtful moment, while still eying the scarlet tie, added:

"Let's see; you wanted pie-huckleberry pie?"

"No. apple."

There was another longer wait, a still longer sojourn in the entrancing neighborhood of the scarlet tie. Then the pie was brought.

"That all?" she asked, feeling absently for a check.

"No; I ordered"-"Oh, yes; coffee. Excuse me for for-

getting."-New York Telegram.

Sea Monsters of Old. The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. Dandelaus declares that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then beiching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth. Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful member of the Copenhagen royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maeistrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war."

the cathedral at The Hague."



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[Chancery A-227.]
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—Estween the Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et
al., defendants.—Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged

al., defendants.—Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fleri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the courthouse in Newark, on Tuesday, the first day of December next, at two o'clock F. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner-formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood avenue with the northerly line of Glenwood avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood avenue; twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Liewellyn avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said avenue one hundred feet; thence (3) northerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five feet; thence (4) easterly one hundred and forty-three hundredths feet to Glenwood avenue, west line and place of beginning, being lot number one on a map of the People's Park.

Newark, N. J., October 26, 1905.

MILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

Edward Oakes, Soi'r. (89.00.)

L'STATE OF CLARA A. P. JOHN-Pursuant to the order of Joseph W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Easex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrators of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same

from presecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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Glass Celery Trays, 10c, 15c. Glass Berry Dishes, 5c. Glass Berry Bowls, 10c, 19c, 19c.

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15c, 19c,

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